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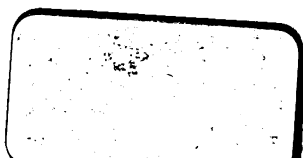
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THE
VOICE OF MANY WATERS.

A SELECTION FROM THE COMPOSITIONS,

In Prose and Verse,

OF THE LATE

EMMA MARIA DE BURGH.

WRITTEN CHIEFLY AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

EDITED BY HER SISTER.

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy paths in the great waters, and thy
footsteps are not known."—*Psalm lxxvii. 19.*

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TO THE
RIGHT HON. JOHN POYNTZ, EARL SPENCER,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS, BY PERMISSION,
DEDICATED, WITH MANY THANKS, AND MUCH RESPECT
FOR THE NOBLE QUALITIES
WHICH HE IS KNOWN TO POSSESS, AND WHICH HE
INHERITS FROM A FAMILY
ILLUSTRIOUS FOR THE SERVICES THEY HAVE
RENDERED TO THEIR COUNTRY,
IN ENHANCING BOTH HER LIBERTIES AND HER GLORY.

*Vicarage, Weedon,
August 30th, 1858.*

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THE VOICE OF MANY WATERS.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER,

WITH A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHORESS, AND
AN ADDRESS TO HER ONLY CHILD.

I HAVE been advised to employ a "LITERARY SCRIBE" to improve and remodel this little volume before committing it to the press, but have declined doing so with the indignation which I am sure my beloved sister would have felt at a similar suggestion. Accident has revealed to me how very common this dishonest and dishonourable *charlatanerie* has become. I had much rather have the very "few readers" that I am told I shall have, than see the compositions of one I loved so entirely, doctored and altered by a stranger to herself and her habits of thought and feeling. Still I owe some apology to the public for the irregularity of this little production, the admixture of prose and verse, and everything else that may seem odd to book-making eyes.

A few years after her marriage, Emma de Burgh accompanied her husband and his regiment, the celebrated 93rd Highlanders, to Drummondville, a military station quite close to the Falls of Niagara. At this romantic place she kept a Diary, which she transmitted to me, interspersed with many poetical pieces. At that station she had not much to occupy her active mind, and had, I dare say, some vague idea of publishing. Had she lived to do so, of course her writings, all composed very hastily, would have been polished by her own hand. It only occurred to me a month ago to publish some of them as a slight memorial—a wreath of “never-dying amaranth”—to hang upon her tomb.

Having been written so many years, much would now cease to interest; I have, therefore, selected her description of Niagara, and some of her verses, with now and then an extract from her Diary connected with them. My chief apology is due for having added a few trifles written by myself, to which I have carefully annexed my initials.

Without further preface, I will commence by informing the reader that my sister was the eldest child of the Rev. J. H. Hunt, A.M., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and now Vicar of Weedon Bec, Northamptonshire. She was married August the 9th, 1839, to Major de Burgh, then an officer in the 93rd, now residing at 48, Upper Bagot Street, Dublin, in a house he took soon after he left the army.

A few days before entering it, when in lodgings in Gardiner Street, Mountjoy Square, Mrs. de Burgh was seized with a violent attack of gastric fever, and died, in the meridian of her days, on the 21st of September, 1851, almost before her relations in England could hear she was ill.

She twice accompanied her husband to North America. In the interim he was in command of the depôt of his regiment in Scotland and Ireland. I have not dated her writings, because some were written during each visit. Many of her verses she composed to English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh airs, which she was in the habit of playing on her harp at eventide, when it was too dark to read or sew, the twilight being always a favourite time with her. The peculiar metre and melancholy tone of some of them is thus accounted for; otherwise she had a most sweet and even temper, and her manners and letters were very lively and piquant. She was tall and elegant in her person and deportment, with exact classical features; so like the American statue of the Greek Slave, exhibited in the Crystal Palace of 1851, that small models of that beautiful piece of sculpture have been purchased on that account by several of her friends.

The "event that must happen to us all" is never without a melancholy interest, and a few extracts from her husband's letters to her sisters, descriptive of her last hours, will at least please those who knew, and loved, and appreciated her; nor, in these days,

will the piety of the Christian soldier meet with anything but respect.

She left an only child, Hubert John de Burgh, born at Newbridge, county Kildare, August 1st, 1845.

October 11th, 1851.—Dear Laura: On the Saturday she walked seven miles with me; on the Sunday before her death attended divine service as usual; felt unwell on Monday and Tuesday, but on the latter day, when one of my nephews came to lunch, was in excellent spirits. The next morning, at six, I sent for the apothecary, who treated her till Thursday, when he advised me to call in a physician. I sent for Sir Henry Marsh. He was, throughout, most kind and attentive, but gave no hope. He was with her at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, two hours before she expired. She then wished him good bye, adding, "I shall never see you again." She did not, I thank God, as was expected by all and by herself, suffer very much acute pain. A few hours before her death, some sharp pangs caused her to cry out; she then dismissed Hubert, telling him "to pray for his dying mamma," and said, "I must now prepare for some hours of agony;" but that passed away. At one o'clock on Sunday morning she told her attendant, who had just arranged her pillows and made her comfortable, to go and lie down. Anne, however, continued to stand near her. In ten minutes she appeared to sleep—it was death. I was lying on a sofa in a room adjoining, watching alternately. * *

From the first she anticipated death. On Friday she selected the 16th and 116th Psalms for Hubert to read, which he did remarkably well. When I brought him in again that evening, she cheerfully explained to him that she was dying, and said to me, "See that you make him a gentleman." He cried bitterly, but soon began playing about the room. She observed that (as belongs to his tender years) he seemed quite unconscious of the nature of death, and added, "Now my greatest fear is withdrawn, as I see *he* will not feel it."

On the Saturday afternoon, she asked me to read the Burial Service. I could only read the chapter of Corinthians. She wished me to read the Collects from that Service. Instead, I prayed with her for a few minutes. She seemed pleased, and thanked me; and looking complacently at clean sheets just put on, remarked, "How privileged am I, in dying thus in decency, not in the shameful manner in which Jesus Christ died!" Once or twice she exclaimed, "What opportunities have I thrown away! May God forgive me! I try to think, but I cannot."

She often said she had had no proper sense of religion till she was seventeen. She asked me if I had requested her father to put up prayers for her in Weedon Church. Saying I had not, I inquired whether she would be prayed for in our parish church at Dublin. "Oh, no!" she said; "nobody cares for me here."

She spoke much of you all, and clearly and thought-

fully on many subjects, and gave several directions as to what was to be done after her decease.

I was of course before aware of the cruelty of Death in taking life and inflicting pain; but I now saw his cruelty in disfiguring his victim. She met death in a manner most satisfactory to me; but hers was a restless disease, and her mind too much occupied with sensation bodily, for there to be much to tell of spiritual converse. Besides, she was not at any time "wordy" about religion. After death she was the image of her father. Hubert has found your quotation in Isaiah lxi.: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and you shall be comforted." We both ought to feel grateful to you for your prayers for him "each time that the sacred volume is *opened before you*"—a phrase, my dear lady, which brought tears into mine eyes, suggesting, as it did, both the impotency of your own poor hands, and that you had well and wisely made "The Book" a sort of time-piece, or dial, to your life's solitary sun. Your passing the funeral hour under the shadow of St. Mary's* was Christian poetry.

Farewell, dear Laura, may God bless you.

J. DE B.

* St. Mary's Church, Leamington, where she, to whom this was addressed, died in January, 1854. She was lovely and amiable, but had from her early youth been afflicted with a kind of paralysis, which gradually deprived her of the use of all her limbs. See some verses addressed to her by Mrs. de Burgh.

December 15th, 1851.—Last evening I was looking over a book of poor Emma's manuscript poems, and find—for I never saw them before—that she had more facility of religious expression than I supposed.

I think I told you one of her remarks when dying; you will observe something of the same idea in the verses which I copy. They seem to have been written at Bangor, to a favourite Welsh air with her, "The Lament of Llywarch Hen."

REMEMBER Thee! yes! when the lightning is
gleaming,

And thunder-clouds burst with a volume of flame,
When the rain from the windows of heaven is
streaming,

Thou Son of my God, I'll remember Thy name!

Remember Thee! yes! when at midnight I languish,
When pain racks my brow, and of sleep I despair,
Oh, then on the cross I'll remember Thine anguish,
For what are my pangs to Thine agony there?

Remember Thee! yes! when earth's splendours sur-
round me,

And my cup with the joy of existence o'erflows,
Oh, then shall Thy lowly condition confound me,
For Thou had'st no home where Thy head could
repose.

Remember Thee! yes! when o'er life's evils breaking,
The sun of Thy love scatters sorrows away,
Oh, then shall my spirit, to rapture awaking,
Break forth into song and "remember thy day."*

October 7th, 1851.—Dear Caroline, I move to-morrow to my new home. It is melancholy work, after we had planned and talked over every little detail together. Well, we are servants, not masters, and our Master's name is Love. It breaks my heart with pity in examining the poor thing's boxes, to see the intense neatness with which she kept everything.

There is her certificate of having been *behind* the Falls of Niagara, of which she was so proud, and many other such quaint, solitary keepsakes. I do not wonder at what you say about Mary West's† great affection for her. She was always a great favourite with her inferiors, as was particularly observable with respect to our soldiers and their families; and I used to notice with a kind of vexed amusement, wherever we went, how much more popular she was than myself. I send you a lock of her beautiful long black hair, cut off after her "love and her life were over." Poor lost one! hers was a nature essentially social. The most uninteresting company could not appear, but she

* These lines appear to have been written after attending service at Bangor Cathedral, and hearing a sermon on the Holy Communion, preached by the Very Rev. J. Cotton, D.D., Dean of Bangor; the evening closing with one of those terrific thunder-storms common in mountainous countries.

† A faithful and favourite servant.

brightened all over. I have had most kind letters from many, both of her and my friends. One very comforting to me from that Christian lady, Lady Macgregor,* who was very fond of her; and she was strikingly popular with each and all of my relations. I cannot express the admiration I feel for her noble and guileless character. I trust that she is now safely sheltered in the clasping love of Christ, and that the "tears are wiped for ever from her eyes." When dead, she looked indeed in a "rapture of repose." How speaking to *me*, who want no "paradise but rest!" The few last hours before closing her coffin, her fine face changed so much as almost to be another's. It appeared of a more minute character, very gentle, but spoke less of mind; "apathy" seems to be, as Shakspeare says, "the character of death's expression more than sleep."

She spoke of her brother† the day before her death; desired me to send him some double harness as a wedding present, and added, "I say now as I was told to say when he was born, 'May the everlasting arms be underneath him.'"

She often spoke of Miss Weston,‡ and never without some adjunct of affection and respect. I deem she looked on her as her first friend.

I told her that I sadly felt that her fate might have

* This excellent lady, the wife of Sir D. Macgregor, died very lately.

† Her only brother, the Rev. J. Hunt, vicar of Fifehead Magdalen, Dorsetshire, and then Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.

‡ An estimable and talented lady, now, alas! no more.

been hastened by the want of horse exercise during the last year, and that "knowing her free spirit, and the strange pleasure she took in her long solitary rides, I had brought her to the state of an eagle with a broken wing." She would not allow me to blame myself for that, or for leaving the army (which had annoyed her at the time); finding reasons why all was for the best.

We used to talk of the strange coincidence by which Hubert, in our gipsy life, happened to be baptized at Naas, and of the mere accident by which we were settled for a time at the junction of Gardiner Place and Mountjoy Square, the culminating point of my mother's family's departed greatness;* and is it not strange that that fatal street should be the local habitation of her soul's flight—the last spot on which the angel spirit set her foot? I cannot express the desolation I feel. Hubert I dearly, dearly love; but I have no one to share him with me.

You know that I buried her in our family cemetery, fifteen miles off. She wished to be interred in the churchyard at Naas, but my brother Walter† was in London, and our family has no right of burial in his churchyard. She hoped you would have come to Ireland when you first heard of her illness, but before you could have arrived she was no more. Adieu.

J. DE B.‡

* The family honours expiring with the last Earl of Blessington.

† The Rev. Walter de Burgh, rector of Naas.

‡ It is right to say that Major de Burgh will not know of this being published, till he sees it in print.

LINES ADDRESSED TO HER NEPHEW, HUBERT JOHN
DE BURGH, ON HIS THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY, BY
THE EDITRESS.

SHE mark'd thee sporting round her bed of death ;
Childlike, thy tears still wet upon her face ;
She bless'd her Hubert with her latest breath,
Then fearless left thee to her God's embrace,
Rejoicing thou wert all too young to know
Thy sad bereavement. Oh ! hast thou forgot
Thy mother, fair and wise, who loved thee so,
With such unselfish love ? Forget her not !
But fancy that her spirit from on high
Thy watchful guardian angel hath become.
It may be that with fond maternal eye
She ever hovers o'er thy earthly home,
Beholding, in Jehovah's face, thy destiny.*

Thou art a child no more ! The path of life,
Of sinful life, doth ope its portals wide,
And bid thee enter. How I dread the strife
That slays its thousands ! Oh ! be He thy guide,
Thou child of many prayers ! Thy parent's God
Watch over thee, and lead thee in the way
Perplex'd and strait ! the path themselves have trod,
Whose entry is dark, its close eternal day !

* 18th chapter of St. Matthew, 10th verse.

She fear'd not, though her summons short, to die :
With raptured ear she heard thy father read

How " instant, in the twinkling of an eye,
Changed, incorruptible, shall rise the dead,
And Death himself be swallow'd up in victory."

" O death, where was thy sting?" when rack'd with
pain,

" What are my pangs to His who died for me?"
Was all she said, then sank to rest again,
And woke to think, her only one, of thee.
Oh ! how she loved to teach thy youthful mind
All that is right, and true, and good, and pure ;
How she would guide thy little hand to find
The holy words that make salvation sure.
Her hour approach'd ; she felt her nerves unstrung,
And bade them take thee from the sight of death ;
She would not have thy youthful bosom wrung
By those cold shudders, that convulsive breath,
Which, ushering her freed soul to realms on high,
Shook all her mortal frame with agony.

C. H.

*Weedon Vicarage,
August 1st, 1858.*

AN ADDRESS TO AMERICA.

CHILD of the world's old age! all eyes to thee,
America, as in thine infancy,
Are turn'd, expecting what thou art to be! }
A cradled Hercules thou wert, now fast
Rising to manhood, and thine exploits past
Give giant promise of thy future day.
For as the sun from east to west his way
Hath ever driven, e'en so that unseen sun,
Whose light is empire, doth the same course run.
In eastern skies his infant beams were born ;
On glowing Asia smiled his early morn ;
To colder climes his noontide rays he gave,
And hastening to the west he seeks his grave.
Assyria, Egypt, Babylon, fair Greece,
Carthage, and Holy Palestine, all cease
To awe, or charm, the subjugated world :
Prone to the dust imperial Rome is hurl'd :
Power stands supreme in Europe's favoured land,
But stretches o'er the Atlantic waves his hand,
And points exulting, o'er the ocean's foam,
To vast Columbia, as his future home.
'Mid her savannahs and primæval woods,
Her headlong cataracts and gigantic floods,
Their heads profane no pagan temples rear ;
Save the Red Indian, whose meek race, with fear,

Bondage, and blood, is nigh extinguish'd, all
Before one Lord in adoration fall.
Christian is all the land, and half her sons
Are sons of Britain; for the same blood runs
Warm in the veins of both. Oh! surely, then,
We should not meet on battle-fields again!
For ever parted from her parent tree,
Columbia bears more fruit, self-ruled and free:
And what, if England her parental hand
Too heavy laid on this young virgin land?
What if the child undutiful might fret?
'T is past! past grievances let both forget.
She set her young strength free! Then say, oh, say
Fair mother of a daughter fairer (nay,
False were that epithet *as yet* to thee,
Unpolished princess of the Western sea!)
Why grudgest thou her power? for thou must live,
While she doth, in her language; she must give
To thy past greatness immortality.*—

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. DE BURGH'S DIARY, DESCRIPTIVE
OF NIAGARA AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRY.

ABOVE Queenstown the river is not navigable, owing to the Rapids; so here the passengers all got into coaches and waggons which were waiting to convey them. The second-class passengers are expected to walk up the "Mountain," as the very steep hill at Queenstown is always called; but four good horses

* This fragment was written when Mrs. de Burgh was on a visit to her father's uncle, the late Joshua Waddington, Esq., at New York.

soon pulled up our coach—one of the American “*nine insides*,” of which I have told you before. The coachman stopped to water his steeds at the Whirlpool Hotel. I longed in vain for a sight or sound of the Falls. We soon arrived at the village of Drummondville, our destination, and pulled up at the bottom of Lundy’s Lane. My husband here left the coach to wait upon the Lieutenant-Colonel; we then bowled merrily down the hill to the Clifton Hotel, and I beheld Niagara! It was a full front view, and only two hundred yards off. My first sensation was surprise. The Falls were so unlike what I had expected, and yet I had seen many prints of them; their whiteness dazzled me, and the finding myself so close to them in this open public place, where the coach stopped, had the startling effect of a noon-day apparition. I got out of the vehicle, and walked to the edge of the rocks in front of the Hotel, from which there is perhaps the best general view of both Falls. The day was sunny and perfectly calm, and the spray rose high into the heavens. It may be absurd to say so, but the scene somehow or other gave the effect of extreme *dryness*, and I could have fancied that I looked into a cauldron of fire, from whose white heat ascended a volume of smoke. At sunset in the winter this foam would be gilded with the tints of flame; but I give the impression as one of those first extravagances which may be partially excused on the plea of natural enthusiasm. The sheets of water were not so lofty as I expected, which

may be accounted for by their greater breadth, the whole crescent of the Falls being three-quarters of a mile in semi-circumference; and Goat Island was larger than I had looked for, being more than the width of the American Fall. But altogether, whiteness alone was the prevailing character of the scene—an ocean of falling snow—a curtain of gigantic feathers, bending like an impervious veil over the rocks.

I turned my lingering steps to the Hotel, with its three rows of balconies, and found that a nice little suite of apartments had been secured for us opening into one of them, where oft "at morn and night and dewy eve" I went to slake my thirst for loveliness and grandeur at this unequalled fountain of them both. Major de Burgh had brought the Colonel and some of the other officers to see me, having taken his first view, a perpendicular one, from Forsyth's Hotel. Not having accurately noticed prints of Niagara, he had been rather disappointed to see no mountains in the back-ground. Having compared our respective primary impressions, thus accidentally taken from different points of view, we started together to the Table Rock, to which a rough path of half-a-mile soon led us, and felt stunned by the sound now so near us, rendered, as it were, from the depths of the earth, which seemed to tremble under our feet; nor could we on this occasion venture so close to the edge of the rock as we afterwards accustomed ourselves to do. We stayed a few nights at the Clifton, but we could never sleep there inter-

ruptedly, because of the Falls; but going in a week to take possession of a house mentioned by Mrs. Jameson as belonging to a Mr. Campbell (which is still nearer to them), I soon began to find their murmurs an agreeable and almost necessary lullaby. From the windows and piazza of this pretty place we had a beautiful view of the Falls, which I have enjoyed, day and night, for several months not easily to be forgotten.

There was a shameful hoax circulated last winter through the medium of the English papers, stating that the far-famed Falls of Niagara had entirely disappeared. It was well written, and the barman at the Clifton Hotel had the credit (such as it was) of being the author; his object being to mystify some English travellers, who had read in books that the Falls were gradually receding. Their channel certainly wears away a very little, and the Crescent Fall may once have been a straight one.

I am now comfortably settled in the good and pleasant house from which I write this. The first month of our stay in it was devoted to cleansing, furnishing, and putting up stoves against the approaching winter, of which we were told to expect terrible things in the way of cold. I cannot say that I believed all I heard, considering that this part of Upper Canada is in the latitude of Spain.

I turned a deaf ear to the freezing of brandy, and did not feel very much afraid of a frost-bitten nose; but as far as warm clothing went, I deemed it ex-

pedient to make preparations, and had fortunately brought from England plenty of furs, which, odd as it may seem, are very much cheaper there than in the country which produces them, owing partly to the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company, and partly to the fact that they all go to England to be dressed.

Our house is a stone one, and we keep good fires. We also wear plenty of clothes, and suffer little from the cold, which is doubtless great, but the absence of wind renders it less perceptible than might be expected from the thermometer.

Having provided ourselves with two good horses, we made many excursions in the neighbourhood of the Falls, while the weather continued open, and saw them in various aspects, ever changing and ever new. There is a sort of ridge extending on each side of the River Niagara for nearly a hundred miles on the American side, and to Hamilton in the British dominions. It is distant from Lake Ontario from three to seven miles, and is supposed by antiquarians to have once formed the boundary of the lake. As the bed of the river too, from the present site of the Falls, has evidently been at one time much wider than at present, it may seem that, before they existed, the stream flowed on, broad and undisturbed, to Lewiston and Queenstown, there falling into the then much more extended sea of fresh water. Along these heights the ridge-road is carried: it commands a number of fine views, but I do not intend to describe them at present, but to tell you how, on a clear, fine,

frosty day (the first in the season), I paid my long-deferred visit to the American side of the Falls of Niagara. It is said that those who live nearest to a remarkable object are usually the last to see it, and I had been here a month before I crossed the ferry. I was not yet aware of the severity of the frosts in this country, which are more intense, in fact, than they are to the feelings, and was therefore surprised to find, on descending the steep road that winds down the precipitous rock, that the ferrymen were obliged to use a hatchet to chop the ice from the oars, thwarts, and seats of their boats, into which the spray was falling, and freezing immediately, so as to make them quite round, crusting them over like barley-sugar. While this was going on, I looked up with awe to the perpendicular rocks two hundred feet high, and before me to the stupendous sister cataracts, though I had seen them previously from this point, and had indeed become familiar with them, living, as I did, a few hundred yards from the banks; and therefore I had leisure to observe some half-caste Indians, just landed from the other side, who were examining, with much curiosity, the sentry's musket. A sergeant's guard is stationed here in charge of the ferry, chiefly to prevent desertion, and after a certain hour no person can cross without a note from the commanding officer. But I may observe, by the way, that when desertions do occur, it is generally from this guard. Once or twice a number of the men have taken possession of the ferry-boat, and, failing to

navigate it across the turbulent billows, have been carried down the rapids, and met an awful death in the whirlpool three miles below. The sentry, who was conversing with the Indians on this occasion, did not know Major de Burgh, who was in an old brown pilot-coat, nor was any officer expected there at that early hour. He walked off in a sneaking way when my husband reproved him for allowing a stranger to handle his arms.

It might appear unsafe to cross at a point so immediately below the Falls as this is, where the tortured waters appear to have gone mad; for the boat is acted upon in a very singular manner, and is carried a good way down the stream; but accidents seldom occur, none but the experienced ferrymen ever thinking of attempting the passage, excepting in the fatal cases just mentioned. The boats are long, narrow canoes, equally sharp at both ends, to prepare for their being twisted round in the current. The appearance of the river below the Falls is unique in nature, presenting an aspect of unnatural stillness; as seen from the steep banks above, it looks exactly like thick dark-green oil. From the boat it resembles soapsuds, with a good deal of blue in them, boiling in a copper. I hope my favourite homely illustrations clearly convey my meaning.

It is supposed the immense force of water precipitated down the Horse Shoe Fall runs chiefly beneath the surface. The river below, being very narrow, is of necessity extremely deep, above two

hundred feet, and substances passing over the Falls are not seen again until they reach the whirlpool, a distance, as I said, of three miles. It is often asked whether there is any time in which the volume of water descending the Falls is perceptibly less than at others. Niagara is always full, apparently as much so after a long drought as after the thaws of spring. There is, in truth, a variation of several feet, which is chiefly perceptible in the bed of the river below the Falls; and this is caused not at all by the greater or less quantity of rain, but by the state of the wind, which by pressing at certain points on those ocean lakes, Superior and Erie, forces their waters downwards.

However, to proceed. A little straw being put into the canoe, we embarked, and with us a decent-looking, wayworn man, in shabby mourning, carrying a heavy bundle. He told us that he was going by the railway to New York, having only just before left Birmingham, intending to settle in the States with his wife and child; that the baby died at sea, and that the poor mother took on so, that she also drooped and died, so that he had to "throw them both overboard." The tears stood in his eyes as he talked of their long voyage and want of every comfort. As he justly said, "The sea is no place for females," and I felt deeply the truth of his remark, when I recollected my own sufferings during the same adverse winds, on the same voyage, of which I had thought so much; and what were they compared to those which had been fatal to these poor creatures? It is only by comparing one's

own lot with that of some others, that its many blessings are to be appreciated. This poor mechanic, whose native Warwickshire I know so well, offered me his hand to help me out of the slippery boat; it was dirty, no doubt, but I was very glad of its aid, and wished afterwards I could have assisted him when he fell and cut himself in the steep ascent. I suppose his bundle contained some smuggled British knives.

I had on common fur boots with no heels, and found it almost impossible, active as I am, to ascend the steps, which were covered with thick ice, as were the handrails. Major de Burgh wanted me much to return, but I would not, remembering I was at the portals of a country whose motto is "Go a-head!" and fearing, too, that I should not soon have another opportunity of seeing Goat Island,—as, indeed, the event proved, for very soon the snow, &c., set in for the winter. The ascent is by an excellent wooden staircase, covered in a great part of the way, but with openings to give views of the Falls. The stairs are a few yards from the American Fall, which is unspeakably grand when seen so close.

At length, by dint of pulling and slipping, we got to the top, and were landed on a bright sheet of ice at the American ferry-house. The owner said that the cause of there being so much in that place and on the stairs, was that the spray had been blown from the Canadian side all night, but that we could walk about Goat Island quite well; so there I took my first promenade on ground not in the Queen's dominions.

We first went to the village of Manchester, where there are several excellent hotels, and some saw and paper-mills turned by the rapids of Niagara, a "water-privilege" of which they (I think, very properly) avail themselves. It may seem to the over-sensitive mind, nursed in the hot-house luxuries, mental and bodily, of the Old World, a desecration to employ grandeur and loveliness for such purposes; but let it be remembered that, until civilization came, wolves and rattlesnakes tenanted Niagara, along with the wild Indians who settled there, subsisting chiefly on the animals which were carried over the cataracts; and no doubt when the "getting-along" population which has superseded them shall have had time to make a great city there, the sensibilities, dormant, but not dead, in the descendants of the chivalrous nations of Europe, will induce them to remove the artificial blemishes in question from that greatest natural ornament of their country, in which even now they take so just a pride. Usefulness does not detract from dignity. The Godolphin Arabian passed his youth in drawing a water-cart at Paris; was he the worse for that? or will the waters of Niagara, ages after you and I are forgotten, be less blue, or less clear, or less powerful, for having once turned a mill? Across these wonderful rapids some daring hand has "gone ahead," and thrown a bridge. It has been swept away, and another has arisen, from which you behold the ruins of the former in the shape of a few upright pieces of timber, which form one or two of

the finest fountains in the world; for up them fly the foaming waves of the rapids, far, far higher than themselves, in a sort of column, and then break, and descend in a shower of glittering spray into the agitated river.

We stood some time on this wonderful bridge, not without a little fear and giddiness on my part, such is the rush and hurry of the waters. The slope is great, and about a hundred yards from the shuddering wooden structure they suddenly descend.

On reaching Goat Island, you pay a quarter of a dollar each (writing your name in a book, which enables you to pass the gate toll-free for a year afterwards) to a civil man in a nice sort of museum, where a magnificent stuffed eagle spreads her* wings, putting one in mind of the Roc in the "Arabian Nights," and where you may purchase mocassins worked by the aborigines in beads or coloured porcupine quills on untanned leather; and had I then been aware how effectually they prevent the wearer from slipping on the ice, I should have bought a pair and put them on my feet; as it was, I did not escape without two inglorious tumbles and a strained ankle.

We now passed through a gate, and saw before us a house of refreshment, where strawberries and cream, ices, &c., were announced in monstrous letters for sale—rather cold viands for such freezing weather;

* Among all birds of prey, the female is much the larger and stronger.

so we contented ourselves with a short stroll on the island, and visit to the Terrapin Tower, and then determined to return to Manchester and recruit ourselves with a more substantial luncheon at the two o'clock *table d'hôte* dinner at the Cataract Inn; for you know we are sentimentalists, and characters of that description always require a double allowance of the good things of this world to support their exhausted frames, and so prevent the sword of the mind from wearing out too quickly its scabbard of frail flesh and blood.

Goat Island is a mile and a quarter round. Terrapin Tower, which has been, I believe, somewhat recently erected on the ruins of one or two predecessors washed away by the freshets, is situated by the side of the Horse Shoe Fall, but is a considerable way within the sheet of water, on a rock connected with the island by a wooden bridge; and the view from it is wonderful. The planks leading immediately to the base of the turret were covered with a thick coat of ice. Major de Burgh crept over on his hands and knees. An American gentleman who had joined us helped to hand me over, and with the assistance of my two supporters I escaped falling into the chasm below; but when we came back, lo and behold! it struck me we might turn the planks upside down, which we did, and passed over without risk. As wages are high and employment plentiful in this country, there are none of the attendants on show-places who are too common and, I may add, such a

nuisance in England. However, the Terrapin Tower is in a very untidy condition, and the eye of taste offended by the vulgar and ridiculous names carved and scratched in profusion in every corner.* I never wrote my name but once, and that was on the Giant's Chair on the summit of Cader Idris. Oh! how I enjoyed that tour in North Wales, with youth and hope before me. I had then never seen the present ruler of my destiny, and little thought how often my slumbers would be lulled by the roar of Niagara, which I looked on now with awe from a new point of view, and one which, perhaps, shows the volume of water (its extreme thickness, if I may use such an expression) to more advantage, though it is not upon the whole finer, than the view from Table Rock on our own side.

We returned to Goat Island, where we crossed a wooden platform over a beautiful small sheet of water, which forms a part (not a tenth part) of the American Fall; but which alone would attract, if in Scotland or Wales, crowds of visitors. We then walked about a little lovely, leafy island, which contrives to hold its place at the very edge of the leap of the cataract. We afterwards walked round the larger, Goat or Iris Island, and viewed the waters from the points where they diverge, and so form the two distinct Falls,

* I particularly remember, Jonathan P. Ketcham, Cynthia G. He, Angelica Thankful Storm, Washington Melchisedec Grub, and the surnames Nation, Dugger, Baggs, Mangy, Pattee, Troop, Done, Thebs, Soucks, and Baby.

which is perhaps more inconceivably fine than any of the views we had before seen.

As you return towards the American village of Manchester, you see a little deserted hut, once tenanted by a singular hermit, named Francis Abbot. He was apparently a gentleman, and one of refined habits, but shunned all society. A few summers ago while taking his accustomed bath in a pool formed by the rapids, he was carried away over the Fall and perished. It was melancholy to peep into the wretched windows of his own construction, and to see an old besom, with a few other articles of comfortless housewifery, lying about. But it was more so to reflect on the mind of man in ruins, and to speculate on the history of that wayward being, who found his home and his grave amidst the wild magnificence of nature.

We now descended the stairs, after arming ourselves each with a pair of creepers, *i. e.* iron plates with small spikes, which are fastened like a gaiter-strap to the shoe sole, and prevent slipping on the ice. These are to be purchased at the ferry-house, and my pair often did me good service afterwards. I took my seat in the boat—I hope in rather a softened and exalted frame of mind—by the side of two young half-caste Indians, each having a loaded musket barrel (no stock) under his arm. It was pretty, though to a nervous person rather alarming (on account of their fire-arms, which the scarcity of ammunition would not allow them to unload) to see the activity with which they descended the slippery steps, encrusted with smooth

ice like the oars of the ferry-boat; while I was cautiously descending in my creepers, which, being just under the instep, hurt my feet every time I dug them into the ice. They in their mocassins skipped gaily along; but all the red variety of men are lithe and active. These youths disdained the winding carriage-road (so called) leading from the ferry to the village of Clifton, but ran up the steep bank as lightly as their ancestors could have done ere the "pale faces" had looked upon the glories of "Onyakarra."

We saw several professional artists from Europe taking views of the Falls from Goat Island with a daguerreotype. They did not succeed very well, owing to the constant motion of the water. On recrossing the ferry, we fished up some beautiful blue-and-red ducks, which had been drowned in going over the Falls; and with a couple of these—for which I gave the boatmen a shilling—in my hand, I entered my home as the evening closed.

* * * *

Perhaps no object in the world is more calculated than that which now fills my eyes and ears, to illustrate the true meaning of the sublime. With no hills to stimulate the imagination, with no darkly frowning rocks to awe the timid, or green flowery banks to captivate the sentimental, there flows through a flat, half-cleared country a wide, smooth, and not apparently rapid stream. Inferior trees, tall and gawky like a troop of ill-fed school-girls; hideous snake fences; deep and execrable, but not dangerous roads,

guiltless of a stone, and constructed by being only ploughed over—wide, bleak, and dreary—edge the bank of the Niagara. Primitive carts, with long-legged, long-tailed, long-backed horses, harnessed in pairs, and with the tallest on the off-side, are seen labouring through these delightful highways; and every now and then comes a ridiculous vehicle like a “noddy,” containing the aristocracy of this part of Canada, consisting of half-pay naval and military officers, who “squat” upon a government grant of land, often engrafting the economy of Scotland and the wretched discomfort of Ireland upon the *insouciant* (we don’t care how we look) habits of a new colony; or of younger “militaires,” who, having married pretty, portionless wives, prefer the certain rough and enough plenty of this country to the privations of wedded subalterns while following a regiment. Second-rate clergymen, adventurous widows and their daughters, broken-down younger brothers of good English families, English girls who have married beneath themselves, American Canadian colonels, some immensely rich, but who keep a shop for “notions,” pledges, treacle, and horse-shoes, and whose wives give magnificent balls and parties to the officers, a few attorneys, and still fewer doctors, will generally complete the visiting list of a resident in the rural districts of Upper Canada; so that immigrants of a higher order may learn here what society they have to expect.

But to return to the neighbourhood of Niagara. I

will now suppose you are coming towards the Falls from above them, that is, from Lake Erie. When within four or five miles, you will see a dense column of spray ascending from the middle of the river, exactly like the smoke that arises from a field after a discharge of artillery. Rather more than a mile from this is the odd-looking village of Chippewa, where you cross an extraordinary flat wooden bridge, spanned by a triumphal arch, which informs the world, in great white letters, not of past deeds of national glory, but that "all persons crossing it, in any vehicle whatever, at a quicker pace than a walk, should be fined five dollars;" a most necessary precaution, and one which a sentry seems posted expressly to enforce. Just after I wrote this the bridge in question broke down, and the creek had to be crossed in a ferry-boat, when not permanently frozen over. Having passed the village of Chippewa, a ten minutes' walk brings you to a vast semicircular chasm, from the top of which you look down upon a calm stream sweeping round a small wooded island, on the other side of which, hurrying along in waves crested with foam, are the far-famed Rapids of Niagara. You descend a hill, and a road unprotected by any fence runs close along the Rapids, nearly to the Falls; and, indeed, though you know I am no timid equestrian or charioteer, I generally contrived, as there was a safer road, only to ride or drive on this one up the current, it being less frightful thus to meet it than to see and hear it hurry past you; and, besides, I thus kept my back towards

home, and when frightened horses run away it is generally in the direction of their own stable; nevertheless, I have often galloped along with the waters by this fearful road. On a fine clear day the Rapids may be contemplated without much dread as far as the point where they are abruptly precipitated down the Horse Shoe Fall. From this abyss the steam or spray, like the smoke of an everlasting sacrifice, ascends to the heavens, when there is no wind, in the form of a pyramid, and ever in the afternoon it is spanned by a lovely rainbow, either end resting on the water, and which is very frequently double. This phenomenon is seen in the morning from the opposite side. In winter the waters sometimes descend, one half as a clear, deep, blue stream, the other moiety yellow and muddy, but both whitened by their own violence; and it is curious to remark that these two colours are separated by as definite a line as if they flowed in different channels. Few things make the "flesh creep" more than gliding in winter in a sleigh close to the Rapids, blinded with snow, and hearing the roar of the cataracts just before you. On these occasions the river swarms with birds fishing, hovering, and screaming. I saw an eagle shot there the other day, measuring seven feet and a half from the points of the wings, and making a heavy load for a strong boy. But viewing the Falls at a greater distance, from the hall-door of the Clifton Hotel for instance (one of the most favourable points for seeing them both together), you might fancy yourself looking at a mill-dam

through a magnifying-glass, the banks above the sheets of water being as regular in appearance as if ruled. The great breadth takes from the height, which is above a hundred and sixty feet perpendicular, and quite unbroken.

Compared with other waterfalls, this, as Mrs. Trollope has well said, is "the fall of an ocean." That short sentence is worth pages of any description of mine; it has the "flash of the gem, and its solidity too." But as scenes, and perhaps characters, are best described by the effect they produce, I may observe that the impression made on me by Niagara was, and is, that of beauty, and not of terror—like that Almighty Power of which it forms one of the best illustrations. I have frequently stood on a shelf of rock, and stooping down, put my hand into the water within a yard of its descent, without fear or trepidation, and watched the waves beneath the Falls, which ebb and flow like those of a calm sea, with no other sensation than that of pleasure and tranquillity. The scene which, afar off, I have so often shuddered to think of, has become as familiar to me as a part of my being; and I trust it has, in some measure, ennobled my feelings. Insensible must be the mind of that individual who could live so long as I have done on the very brink of Niagara, and not frequently meditate on Him whose "voice is as the sound of many waters;" nor form more distinct ideas of His strength, which is without effort, and of His will, which is infinite power! I have heard many persons

remark that the Falls do not fulfil their expectations. There are several reasons for this; their severe simplicity, the absence of the adjuncts of rock, and mountain, and precipice, and all those other extraneous things which often form the chief attractions of inferior waterfalls. But there is a cause of disappointment far deeper than all these. Nothing finite can satisfy a soul that is immortal. Nothing that earth affords can fulfil the expectations of a being who had been favoured by Divine revelation with glimpses of heaven. I myself have experienced some moral shocks, and am physically of a nature not easily to be surprised. I have once or twice been in situations of danger, with little sense of agitation; I have brooded over coming events of joy and of sorrow, and when they have arrived, have found the reality little more than nothing; I have anticipated evil, and been agreeably disappointed;—have “looked for peace, and found no peace;” and may I not also hope, at the last dread hour, to find the valley of the shadow of death but a friendly darkness, and the last struggles of humanity but a gentle passport to eternal rest? “Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.” *

* Refer to the account of her last hours in a preceding page.

NIAGARA IN JUNE.

No eyes by blue Niagara's side,
To watch with me her waters glide,
No cares to steal my soul away
From youth and health and hope to-day,
Or lend to life a darker hue,
Than what erewhile a rainbow threw
O'er yonder misty, silvery showers,
Like shadows of departed hours,
Which oft o'er life's horizon move,
And melt the thoughtless heart to love!

No air to fan the feathery fringe,
Which gives yon racing waves a tinge
Of emerald green, while Cynthia's isle
Amid the rapids seems to smile;
No sound, save when the bugle's call
Is heard above the thundering fall,
And bids the Highland soldier roam
No more by loud Niagara's foam,
Albeit e'en there his thoughts may rove
To the far country of his love.

No streets and towers to call to life
Those agonies of pain and strife,
Which owe to cities their sad birth :
Glitters with crystal drops the earth,

And painted birds and insects flame,—
Not shy, like ours, but fond and tame.
O'er cedar sweet, and towering pine,
The silver frosts no longer shine,
Whose wintry diamonds gem the grove,
As pity's tears the eyes of love.

No wandering cloud to break the charm,
Which bears us to the regions warm
Of Italy, to Circe's grot,
And Cumæ's cave; nor be forgot
The fount where Byron could discover
Egeria, with her mortal lover,
And then eternalize the shade
Whose very being he had made,
In burning words, whose power can move
The sternest hearts with thoughts of love.

No sound above the hollow roar
Of those deep waters as they pour,
Save when the soaring eagles cry,
Or countless sea-gulls screaming fly,
And dip their wings beneath the wave,
Where many a doom'd one finds its grave.
No Indians now their wigwams rear,
To feast upon the drowning deer; *
To the far West the red men move,—
Such their white brethren's treacherous love!

* See Father Hennepin's account of Niagara, the earliest extant, written in the 17th century.

But let me pause beside the scene
Where many an early dream hath been
Accomplish'd;* at the mightiest shrine
Earth rears to Majesty Divine,
Let me one boon, one blessing crave :
I would not fill an unwept grave ;
I dare not ask the dangerous power
To shine, the meteor of an hour,
But be my soul's first wish to prove
The greatness of Redeeming Love.

* When Father Hennepin wrote, 200 years ago, the banks of Niagara were clothed with wood, and a party of Indians located just below the cataract, who subsisted on the bodies of birds and animals drowned in the Falls. Three hundred ducks (supposed to have been killed by flying against the spray in the night) were picked up in one week last April, and sold for 6d. a couple. The deer, and other large game, are doubtless carried down by the rapids when drinking, or attempting to ford the river. In summer, this place is indeed lovely, the solitude, the rushing waters, the cloudless skies; the brilliant birds and butterflies, the beautiful trees and plants, peaches and apples growing wild, the elastic turf, and the absence of dust and glare, all give an Elysian feeling, which carries one's thoughts to the Tempe of the Grecian poets.—*From Mrs. de Burgh's Diary.*



LIFE IN DEATH, AND DEATH IN LIFE.

ON A LADY OF FALLEN FORTUNES.

DARK and drear were once the hours,
Cold and sad was once the time,
When her path was strew'd with flowers
Covering o'er the snake of crime.
Then to her the world seem'd dear,
Ever wore her lips a smile ;
But her wither'd heart was sear ;
Dark, oh ! dark her soul the while.

Bright and blest is now the ray,
Calm and clear the light serene,
Which fills her soul with "perfect day,"
Pure as if night had never been.
Now, perchance, to mortal eyes
Joyless, portionless is she ;
All her hope in this world flies,—
Her hope is in eternity.

Soft and sweet hath been the change,
Careful, kind, the unseen blow,
Sent her spirit to estrange
From this vale of tears below.
Poor, "yet having all things," known
(Forgotten by all else) to Heaven,
Now she walks the world alone,
The lost, the found, and the forgiven.

"THE GRAVE OF THE PENITENT."

A DIRGE.

SHE sleeps alone beneath the sod ;
To bear her pall no kindred came,
And where "man's foot hath seldom trod,"
Earth hides from mortal eyes her shame.
Forgotten in her grave she lies,
With nought to mark her funeral stone ;
But one o'er her remembrance sighs,
And weeps in the wide world alone.

Her youth was frailty, but her age
With every humble virtue crown'd ;
Her only monumental page
Graven in the poor man's heart is found.
Her life may to the righteous tell
What bitter hours the erring share ;
For those who knew her faults too well,
Dream'd not of the repentance there.

She lived obscure, she died unknown ;
But faith upon her later years
With unobtrusive lustre shone,
The rainbow to a world of tears.
" 'Tis easy," sings the Scottish bard,*
"The failings of our race to scan ;"
But when temptations press, how hard
To watch the strife of fallen man !

* Burns.

Pause on that tomb without a name,
Which closed o'er rank and beauty's flower,
And tremble at the sea of flame
Which 'whelm'd her heart in passion's hour.
Pause o'er the poverty and want
Which harass'd her departing day,
And know that sin had power to grant
Luxurious ease and splendour gay.

Yet died she happy, rich though poor,
Though lost, triumphant; for His blood,
Who died to make salvation sure,
Pour'd on her heart its healing flood.
She was neglected, but she knew
'Twere better she were so forgot
By all but the lamenting few,
Who felt for, and had shared her lot.

Then, though I make not known to thee
That borrow'd name, that humble grave
Which hides all that mortality,
To make life welcome, ever gave,
Think, reader, in the gifts abused,
The talents lost or thrown away,
How thine own powers have been misused,
And hide thy face in deep dismay.

Pause at the portal doors of wrong;
There is an eddying whirlpool there,
Which draws the wanderer's steps along,
Till in its gulf he meets despair.

But would'st thou Sharon's rose should bloom
For thee, give ear to mercy's voice ;
Leave frailty in her lowly tomb,
And go, make Mary's better choice.*

* Written after visiting a grave-yard; probably during Mrs. de Burgh's second visit to Upper Canada in 1849.



Extract from Diary.

As an example of the association of ideas, I shall add the following verses, written, or rather "dashed down," one night when I was almost distracted with a headache. Pain rendered me "ferocious," and I could think of nothing but a translation of the "Prometheus" of Eschylus, which I had formerly read. It is curious, by the way—and I wonder what is the psychological reason for it—that when a woman, from Sappho downwards, writes under the inspiration of any real passion, she makes the last line of each verse a short one. Is it the same feeling which makes the virago of low life, after a volley of scolding, end the objurgation of child or husband with a thump?

THERE is a whisper in success,
Though every joy it brings be thine,
Which warns thee of its nothingness ;
Hush ! for 'tis mine !

There is, 'mid pleasure's gayest laugh,
A sigh of deprecating shame ;
Pause ere that goblet thou dost quaff,—
It breathes my name !

There is, amid the gales of spring,
A dreaming melancholy power,
Which sadness o'er the soul doth fling ;—
Be that mine hour !

There is a day of gloom more deep,
When autumn's leaves are "red and sere;"
Then let repentant memory weep,
For I am near !

And ever, in the storms of life,
When cares and crosses compass thee,
In public or domestic strife,
Remember me !

'Mid disappointment's keenest pang,
The heart-sickness of hope deferr'd,
'Mid lightning's flash and thunder's clang,
Let me be heard !

When wildly hurrying o'er the wave,
Thou shudderest 'neath the midnight storm,
Believe each billow's trench a grave,
Fill'd with my form !

When thou would'st honourably strain
Each nerve, above the herd to soar,
I, on the heights which thou would'st gain,
Am evermore !

There still retributive I brood,
Changeless, unmoved as destiny ;
A falcon hovering o'er her food,
Even such am I !

I, who had been the world to thee,
I who unshrinkingly had given
All that of good in life could be,
To win thee heaven!


But now doth vengeance o'er my heart,
As once o'er stern Electra's, close ;
I would not time or medicine's art
Brought thee repose !

A heavy cloud hangs o'er thy brow,
Charged deeply with the guilt of years ;
Past sins keep their appointment now,
Despite thy tears !

As scatter'd fledglings to their nest,
Forgotten injuries will return,
And make their everlasting rest
Where they were born ! *

So wrongs are deathless ; they but sleep
Like serpents till returning spring ;
Then wakening, to that heart they creep
Which nursed their sting !

* Proverb : " Curses are like young chickens ; they always come home to roost."



TO HER SISTER LAURA.

OH! think of me then, when the light waves are
lashing

The bulwark of rock that fair Anglesea girds,
And fancy their voices, as 'neath thee they 're flashing,
Speak of me and my fondness in "syllabled words."
Oh! think of me, too, when with looks kindly beaming,
The sun smiles his parting farewell to the day;
And on the calm waves, as the moonlight is gleaming,
Think I 'm with thee in spirit, though far, far away!

There recall the same moon, as she sweetly was
shining,

In days long departed, on Aldeburgh's shore,
When thou wert, with me, on the rough beach re-
clining,

Which, though dreary, we loved, and may never see
more.

Yet pause, while thy thoughts are so busily turning
To endear'd recollections of times that are flown;
Bend down thy fair head for a moment in mourning
For the humble, the faithful, the fond friend that 's
gone.*

* These lines allude to a favourite terrier dog, which swam an extraordinary distance after their boat, when staying at Aldborough, in Suffolk.

Oh! remember when gaily our light barque was dancing,
Like a sea-gull in summer, all buoyant with glee,
And the oars of our rowers so brightly were glancing
In the ruffled expanse of the foam-cover'd sea,
How, unawed by the heaving and swelling of ocean,
Poor Tartar plunged deep in the curl-crested wave,
And braved what to him might be death, in devotion
To those who seem'd borne from his sight to their
grave.

Yet we lost him at last when our wanderings were
over,

And again to home's calm occupations we turn'd ;
He forsook us, and vainly we tried to discover
His fate—but most truly that fate has been mourn'd.
And never can I, his remembrance recalling,
Forbear to bestow on the sad thought a sigh,
That on me some small share of his fate must be
falling,

Who knew he was lost, and who left him to die !

.

But to thee can I write, the one event forgetting
Which of all past afflictions most bitter doth seem ?
Nor show thee some sign of our ceaseless regretting,
For the sorrow which darkens thy life's early dream ?
But weep not, my sister, my fairest, my dearest ;
Or if thou must weep, be it hallow'd, that tear ;
For though hard, long-enduring, the trial thou bearest,
That 'tis sent thee in mercy 't were impious to fear.

And oh ! in that land where our footsteps are tending,
Can we doubt that thy lot will be happier far
For the storm-cloud of grief, which so sadly is sending
Its gloom to o'ershadow thy destiny's star ?*
Though delighted we gazed on thine infancy's morning,
On thy lineaments fair, and thy cherub-like form,
And hail'd thy sweet prospect of womanhood dawning,
With hopes as undimm'd as our wishes were warm,
Yet blest is their lot, who in youth taste the sorrow
Which the cup of mortality ever must fill ;
They may look for the beams of a brighter to-morrow
And the eve of their days shall be peaceful and still.
And e'en now thou art happy, contentment beguiling
The dull, weary hours that fall to thy lot,
As thou sitt'st like an angel, so tranquilly smiling :
Who has once seen thine image and ever forgot ?
But now let me breathe a farewell as unchanging
As my love, though unobvious, for ever shall be ;
For though seemingly harsh, yet no coldness estranging
Has power to extinguish my fondness for thee.
Were my wishes availing, no grief should o'ertake thee ;
Long and bright with all blessings should shine thy
career ;
My affection shall change not, though all should forsake
thee,
And thy follies and faults should but make thee
more dear.

* She died two years after her sister, Mrs. de Burgh, in 1854. See introductory chapter.

The farewell I now bid thee but heralds a meeting,
A meeting, I trust, at no far distant day ;
And oh ! may we find that if pleasures are fleeting,
Misfortunes are still less substantial than they.
May the hope, not unfounded, which fondly we've
cherish'd,
E'en then be fulfill'd, and, thy helplessness o'er,
While we smile o'er the memory of ills that have
perish'd,
May we thankfully hope they will pain thee no
more.



LINES ADDRESSED TO AN OCTOGENARIAN

IN THE ISLE OF MAN, WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE
HIM A VALENTINE, WHEN I MET HIM THERE SOME
YEARS AGO.

WE saw the sun's last ray of light
Cast over all its parting smile,
And yield reluctantly to night
The fairy charms of Mona's isle.
Glimmering amid her rocks and caves,
The shadowy moonbeams trembling lay,
And mirror'd in ten thousand waves,
Slept on the breast of Douglas Bay.
Lives in thy mind that scene so fair?
Or doth it dwell alone in mine?
'T was when we stood together there,
I vow'd to be thy Valentine.

Full many a day hath pass'd since then,
And with them, it too well may be
That I—for so it is with men—
Have faded from thy memory.
But upon mine shall ever dwell
Thy name; for thou wert kind to one*
I love, I cannot say how well.
For that good deed that thou hast done,

* Laura H—.

I bless thee. Holy is the tie
That binds my grateful heart to thine;
Who after this shall ask me why
I chose thee for my Valentine?

When mounted on my favourite steed,
Through green Northampton's fields I roam,
How oft my thoughts unbidden speed,
To thee in thy sweet island home!
When my fair sister* sings to me,
My heart beats to her wild harp's swell,
Wrapp'd in the mournful melody
Of "Isle of beauty, fare thee well."
Thy gifted Scott's bewitching tale†
Still mingles with that home of thine,
Leads back my thoughts to hill and dale,
And thence to thee, my Valentine.

It bids me oft in fancy stray
Once more along the Ramsay road,
Once more from sweet Kirk Lonnán's bay,
Delighted, bear my dripping load
Of yellow shells and salt sea-weed;
Or, shelter'd in her caverns, feel
The joy of solitude indeed;
Watch round and round the sea-gulls wheel,
And gaze upon the gathering storm.
Thus do I muse on "Auld lang syne,"
See once again each well-known form,
And commune with my Valentine.


* E. M. de B.

† Peveril of the Peak.

I dream upon the clear, blue deep,
Reflecting all the stars of heaven,
And in the visions of my sleep
Meet all I met on that fair even.
But I have done ; farewell to thee !
Deign to accept the offering rude
Of one, whate'er her faults may be,
Who hath to learn ingratitude.
No tuneful offering can I bring,
Worthy of thy poetic line ; *
As friendship teaches me I sing,
Nor doubt to please my Valentine.

C. H.

* This gentleman was descended from a well-known Scottish bard.



Extract from Diary.

I FORGET how many rhymes Lady Morley found for Longleat, or poor Lady Flora Hastings for a more difficult word ; but *I* have been trying *my* hand on the uniformity of rhymes. I have not succeeded very well, and wish I had tried "to do this trick" in the humorous line, instead of writing on the hackneyed subject of "Love."

I LOOK'D on the depths of mine heart,
And found all was peaceful there ;
Yet sigh'd I to think thou hadst no part,
Where late thou wert all too dear.

I turn'd to look upon thine heart,
Mine image was fading there ;
And grieved memory then gave one start,
As she look'd on the last past year.

For love is shy as the wild hart,
That flies from the bugle clear ;
It brooks not a laugh or a word tart,
And droops 'neath the worldling's sneer.

Betray'd were we by the false art
Of one whom we did not fear ;
We knew not the craft of the world's mart,
Till we learnt it on love's cold bier.

Oh, Hope! delusive is thy chart,
Though glowing its realms appear;
And bright though the beams of life dart,
They're born but "to gild a tear."

Yet why should we mourn love's lost smart?
Oh! why not the soft voice hear?
Which whispers, estranged though we now part,
That a happier meeting's near.

Oh, what though memory may start,
And sigh o'er her task severe;
There's a world impervious to man's art,
And there we may still be dear.



STANZAS.


Love is the aim and end of all below,
Albeit each views it in a different guise;
Nor its extent shall we entirely know,
Till all that's mortal in our nature dies.

In infancy our mother's breast we seek,
Love's fond companionship in riper years,
And light from better worlds doth dimly break,
To dry the sources of our latest tears.

NIAGARA IN AUGUST,
AND A SABBATH WITH THE 93RD HIGHLANDERS
AT THE FALLS.

* * * * *

BRIGHT beams the sun's meridian ray
On vast Niagara's snow-white spray ;
But I must sing some other time
How springs the radiant arch sublime
From her deep gulf at evening's hour,
Albeit no darksome storm-clouds low'r,
And gilds the dread abyss below ;
How silver Luna's softer bow
At night bends graceful ; how the rain
From skies serene, without a stain
Of cloud on their celestial blue,
Spreads wide—the purest incense dew,
That Nature from her womb e'er threw ;
For untamed Nature revels here,
Where the wild Indian tracks the deer,
Where owls and eagles fearless fly,
And meet man's gaze unshrinkingly.
Not here is heard the Sabbath chime
To mark the weekly lapse of time ;
Primeval forests, dark and still,
Here the lone mind with sadness fill ;
Here roams the bear, and wild-cats prowl,
And sounds at night the wolf's dread howl ;



Here, bright as flow'rs, th' autumnal leaves
Are tinted, and in plenteous sheaves
Is piled rich Indian corn; the Fall
Of the vast cataract over all
Heaving its deep-toned, endless sigh,
With soothing, sad monotony.
Like Lethe's, could these waters bless
Man's senses with forgetfulness,
How deep would myriads drink that wave!
How rush their fever'd pulse to lave!
But calm, continuous, on they roll,
And pour no healing on the soul;
No rest for that until, forgiven,
Unstain'd and pure, it wakes in heaven.

* * * * *

Who of himself would highly deem,
While bending o'er Niagara's stream?
The follies and the pride of men
Alike seem lost in vapour then!

It was a lovely Sabbath day, and Divine service was celebrated, as is usual in summer, within a stone's throw of Niagara. The kilted Highland soldiers, deeply attentive, stood in a square round their very national but very zealous Scottish preacher. A few benches were placed for the women and children, while outside stood some of the neighbouring farmers and shopkeepers, and a few strange-looking carriages, the occupants of which, passing by on a Sunday's

excursion of pleasure, had been arrested by the graceful novelty of the scene. Probably, like many unexpected gratifications, it was a great one. To me it was very affecting. The band performed the quaint Scotch Psalm tunes, the soldiers sang,* and the music, vocal and instrumental, was delightfully mellowed by the rush of the mighty waterfall. In our roofless temple, I could not help thinking of the stern old Covenanters; of the pastoral scenes of the Baptists; and still more of Jesus preaching under the sun of Palestine,—

“Eternal summer gilds her yet,
And all except her sun is set,”

albeit not, we hope, for ever. I thought of our Lord coming up from the river, with “the Spirit descending like a dove, and resting upon him.” I thought of the little captive maid of Israel, telling her mistress that she knew a prophet in Samaria who could cure Naaman of his leprosy; and “how he bathed seven times in Jordan, and was clean.” As I saw around us the maize ripening for the harvest, I thought, too, of Ruth following the bereaved Naomi into a strange

* The greater piety and attention to religious duties observable in our Highland regiments did not make them worse soldiers when tried in the Crimea. The stern bravery of the 93rd at Balaclava will not be forgotten. This gallant corps owes much to Major-General Sir Duncan Macgregor, now head of the Constabulary in Ireland, who, some years ago, was their Lieutenant-Colonel. Under their present commander, Colonel Leith-Hay, their more recent career in India has been equally glorious.

country, with the most affecting declaration of love that was ever uttered. I thought of her, the ancestress of the Redeemer, gleaning in the fields of her future husband, and of his telling his reapers "to let fall some handful on purpose for the damsel, and rebuke her not." At that hour, as now, Niagara was flowing, but through a wilderness of uncultivated desolation! The next day I wrote some lines, which I subjoin,

ON THE

RAPIDITY OF THE FLIGHT OF THOUGHT.

'T is flying to its own and its kindred's home,
The spirit of one who afar must roam;
To the purple heaths of some Welsh hill-side,
The banks of Liffey or Falls of Clyde,
And lingering sighs on some stranger shore,
For what it hath left to behold no more.*

'T is flying, 't is flying to remember'd joy,
The spirit which grief cannot all destroy;
'Tis flying to the day of its youthful prime,
To the heavenly visions of that sweet time,
Which, baseless and shadowy though they be,
Are the gem in the cup of mortality.

* These lines were written to some peculiar air, which must excuse their irregularity.

'T is flying with Hope on her rainbow wings,
And listens entranced to the lay she sings;
Her sweet, soft voice, and her looks, to the view
So winning and fair, are fallacious too;
But that is all lost on her votary's eyes,
Who looks, and loves, and adoring dies.

'T is flying, 't is flying to the world unknown,
The soul with itself which communes alone;
'T is flying, abash'd, to the throne of grace,
And Mercy seeks in her dwelling-place;
For it mourns o'er the wreck of that ruin'd shrine,
Where all is dross that was once divine.

'T is flying to the fountain of life on high,
But veils with its wings from its Father's eye
The face that betrays the world within,
The world of sorrow, and shame, and sin.
Fair spirit! no longer thy lot deplore,
For Redeeming love shall thy peace restore.



THE 93RD (SUTHERLAND) HIGHLANDERS
AT THE BATTLE OF BALACLAVA.

IMITATED FROM THE "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT.

IN breathless haste before their foes
Behold the craven Moslem flying;
Confused the tide of battle flows,
The wounded yell, and shriek the dying;
Their post they forsake at the Russians' advance,
To the shame of the armies of England and France.

The Muscovites in one grand line
Now charge the "children of the mountain;"
Oh! some they think of "auld lang syne,"
And some of death and Calvary's fountain;
But all staunch and true, wait the foeman's advance,
And fire on the opponents of England and France.

On that firm line of Gaelic rock
Now has burst the wave of battle;
In single file they stand the shock,*
Again their Minie rifles rattle;
The victory's won as their bayonets' glance,
And retrieved is the honour of England and France.

* "The 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. 'No,' said Sir Colin Campbell, 'I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep.'"—*Russell*.

Repulsed, the baffled horsemen fly
From that small band of men undaunted.
"Well done! brave mountaineers," all cry;
Long shall that gallant deed be vaunted.
Sir Colin well knew that his men would enhance,
By their valour, the glory of England and France.*

C. H.

* The mere worldly wisdom of the Scotch Regiments, as manifested in their cool and judicious bravery, was proved both at Alma and Balaclava—in no others, comparatively, were so few men killed. The Zouaves and Highlanders were alike the astonishment and admiration of the Turks, who lost as many by their cowardice as the Cavalry did by their famous charge, so shocking and so useless. Be the fault whose it might, that charge can never be thought of without remembering the remark of the French General—"C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre."



CADER IDRIS, MERIONETHSHIRE.

Air—APTOUN.

Go, where Cader Idris towers,
Spent volcano, to the sky ;
Go, and search her sides for flowers,
Cull them ere they fade and die ;
Where the lava once was flowing,
Others grope, but why should I ?
Fairer far the wild heath 's glowing,
Aloes scarce, and harebells shy.

Wandering 'mid the hazel bowers
Which her beauteous base adorn,
Go, and bless the vernal showers
Which have bade those bowers be born.
Rustic fruit-trees downward bending,
Welcome on this sultry morn,
Yield their sweets ; but with them blending,
As in life, there grows a thorn.



LINES COMPOSED BEFORE
THE AUTHORESS WAS SEVENTEEN.*

FLY, fly to the rocky heights
That look o'er the Midland Sea ;
From fair Gibraltar's gay delights,
Her sunny days and her starlit nights,
Steal thither to sigh for me.

Back, back to thine island home
Let fond recollection flee ;
Afar o'er that tideless ocean's foam,
To the frozen North let thy fancy roam,
And dwell amid snows with me !

Fled, fled is the rosy flush,
Which once so bewilder'd thee ;
The blood to my heart hath learnt now to rush,
And scorns to betray with a tell-tale blush
How dear thou wert once to me.

Sin, sin was our misplaced love,
And it sadden'd my soul to see
The gentle looks of thy wife reprove
My fairer face, when I smiling strove
To win thy regards to me !

* Written in the character of a very young lady, who had the weakness to fall in love with a married man much older than herself. Whether the lady was an acquaintance of the writer, or a purely imaginary person, is not known.

Grieved, grieved was my youthful heart,
But I bow'd to stern fate's decree ;
I rallied my strength with one cruel start,
And I sigh'd not to see e'en thy love depart,
When it met with but frowns from me.

Dear, dear would thine heart have been,
Had haply thine hand been free ;
Yet, ah ! far better is danger seen,
For I am happy, and thou serene,
Though still thou mayest think on me !

Peace, peace, thou too busy spell,
Which urgest the fatal plea,
That 't is hard to part those who loved so well ;
'T is a tale that of ruin alone can tell,
And one that is lost on me !

Oft, oft though at duty's call
We sober'd our love's degree,
May our spirits meet at eve's "dewy" fall,
Forgetting our different years, and all
The gulf between thee and me !

Muse, muse while the sunset throws
Its light on that dark-blue sea ;
Let thy memory fly to Sutherland's snows,
And the calmer hours that England knows,
Bestowing one thought on me.

Dream, dream in that distant land
Of all that must never be ;
Then pass o'er thy tearful eyes thine hand,
Draw from its scabbard thy well-tried brand,
And sigh, but weep not for me.

Long, long shall my thoughts return
To those days of triumphant glee ;
And still, till life reaches its latest bourne,
Will I deem it ungrateful were I to mourn
That thou dost remember me.

Still, still by prophetic light
I'll humbly the time foresee,
When failing faith shall be lost in sight,
And hope shall smile, in expiring bright,
While love brings thee back to me !



LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING FORT
 GEORGE, IN THE HIGHLANDS.

FAREWELL! and for ever I leave thee, Culloden,
 Thou grave of the dauntless, the wild, and the free!
And though all hath not chanced as thy fears had
 forboden,
 Yet stern Caledonia still weeps over thee.

Though one with the Southron, and happy and glorious,
 She still hath a tear for the fate of the brave,
And a curse for the foe, who, when madly victorious,
 Had no meltings of mercy, no hand raised to save.

Oh! cold, when I saw thee, and bleak was the weather;
 The winds whistling round me swept angry and
 keen;
All blasted and black was thy desolate heather,
 The pools dark and dismal, the graves only green.

Yet long shall my heart thy drear aspect remember,
 Long think of the mountains that gird thee around,
Long turn to the snows of that cheerless December,
 And fast-flowing Moray's monotonous sound.

Still flows the Nairn river by Dalcross' old tower,
 Still Kilravock remains, and romantic Fortrose,
Its cathedral in ruins attesting the power
 Of the Covenant's sons, and the wars of Montrose.

Still shines the same sun on the silvery Moray,
That beam'd when Charles Edward last strove for
a throne ;
And darkly the mists o'er those northern skies hurry,
As when, by their aid, his proud hosts were o'er-
thrown.

Still stands Castle Stuart, bleak, lonesome, and frown-
ing,
Fort George, Inverness overlooking no more ;
And Dunnipace steps, where the wounded were drown-
ing,
When vainly they fled the Duke's bloodhounds
before.

Castle Cawdor is firm, as when Lovat was shelter'd
So long in its roof from the grasp of his foes,
Or as ages before, when King Duncan there welter'd
In blood, by Macbeth sent to ghastly repose.

But Duncan "sleeps well, after life's fitful fever ;"
The victor and vanquish'd to death alike bow ;
The strife of that day is extinguish'd for ever,
And its then bitter foes, friends and brethr'n are now.

The mansion of Forbes, now in pine woods embosom'd,
Was then bare as Culloden's wild heath to the gale ;
And long the blue harebells and heath-flowers have
blossom'd
Where the fallen were heap'd 'mid the pibroch's
wild wail.

But Waterloo heard the shrill bagpipe's loud screaming;

“Ardennes her green leaves” never ceases to wave
O'er the hardly-fought field where the tartans were
streaming,

And a requiem sighs o'er the Highlander's grave.



AN INVOCATION TO MUSIC.

MUSIC! thou refuge of the restless heart,
Sweet renovator of existence' tone,
A shadow of the world to come thou art,
And there perfection shalt attain alone.

Yet oh! thou "daughter of the voice of God,"
Of mind celestial an embodied ray,
Thine emanations gladden e'en the clod
That bends beneath thy mystic power to-day.



SONG.

AIR—THE “BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.”

Oh, where, and oh where is your early gladness gone ?
It gilds the joys of earth no more, but to heaven it
 leads me on,
And it is so in my heart that I feel no gladness gone.

Oh, where, and oh where is your former ready smile ?
It has fled my lips for ever, but is in my heart the
 while ;
It sheds a light unreal, and makes sorrow seem to
 smile.

Oh, why, and oh why are you still at times so gay ?
'Tis because I feel of sinless light there shines on me
 a ray,
And it is so in my heart, that I cannot but be gay.

Oh, when, and oh when do you hope to be at peace ?
When the wicked cease from troubling, and when sin
 and sorrow cease,
And then, when it is meet for me, I hope to be at peace.



SONG.

My hope is nigh extinguish'd,
And I nurse it not to life,
For my heart hath now relinquish'd
All sublunary strife.
Of joy the past bereaves me,
E'en grief hath turn'd to stone ;
But memory never leaves me,
Though I sigh to be alone.
Thy spirit hath departed,
And on earth now mourns no more ;
I "saw thee broken-hearted,"
Nor thy loss do I deplore :

I grieve not o'er thy sleeping,
Though an empire I would give,
Or spend long years in weeping,
If in peace thou still might'st live.
And oh, that I were lying
In the cold grave by thy side ;
For the pain is short of dying,
And the world of shadows wide.
I know thou there would'st meet me
With thine unforgotten smile,
Nor with reproach would'st greet me,
For my long-repent'd guile.

STANZAS FOR WEBER'S LAST WALTZ.

Oh, turn thy thoughts to me, my love,
And let them blame me as they will;
Do thou believe me far above
The motives that would purpose ill.
Remember, early grief was mine,
While yet too young to bear
The trials which a hand Divine
Awarded to my share;
And let angelic pity move
Thy gentle heart to fondness still.


Oh, blame me not as others do;
Believe I 've been but tempted more:
The bruised reed will tremble to
The blast it fails to stand before.
And youthful misery which bends,
But breaks not, to the storm,
May yield, while yet its rage descends,
To feelings all too warm;
And let some sad effects ensue,
It must in calmer hours deplore.

May peace illumine thy earthly hours,
Ne'er may those eyes, so sweetly calm,
Grow dim beneath affliction's powers,
But goodness shed on thee her balm;

And think, although my sterner heart,
Which now long habit steels,
Scorns to betray by word or start
The wretchedness it feels,
That I shall live to cull life's flowers,
And taste with thee existence' charm.

Then mourn not, shed no tears for me,
Believe I am but what I seem ;
Forget such thing as grief can be,
Think sin (at least my sin) a dream :
But oh ! in mercy, let one tear
Bedew thy pitying eye,
If of mine errors thou dost hear ;
And spare one sacred sigh,
When I, as if unknown to thee,
Am made of blame the helpless theme.

NOTE.—Many of these little things were strictly extempore, and composed for their favourite English airs, to please her young friends in America. The facility with which Mrs. de Burgh wrote in rhyme was, from a child, quite extraordinary.



Extract from Diary.

* * * I have with me, in the wild solitudes of the western world, views of all the more celebrated scenes in North Wales,—that fair land of rocks and rivers, knightly castles, hoary mountains, and inspiring traditions; and in this gigantic country, where only the two first of these exist, and where the last can have no being until ages after I, and all that have known me, are forgotten, I look upon them with the delight of earlier days.

How many are the dwellers in Canada whose hearts have their home in the old world! How many to whom the thought, “if thou wert with me,” may be traced in the absent smile with which they scan the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, or the Niagara! How often does that Aladdin-like imagination throw the bridge of Menai or of Conway above their shining waters! How does the want of churches here recall the splendid English cathedrals, and those of Bangor and St. Asaph, with their choirs and organs, their “long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults.” I composed the following lines, the other day, on a print I have of the

“CAEN WATERFALL,”

MERIONETSHIRE.

WATERS which, hurrying from your mountain home,
Fly with fast fury to the ocean's wave!
The pictured rushing of your sheet of foam
Hath a sad voice which breathes but of the grave,
When seen beside Niagara's deep, soul-overpowering
wave.

Her voice to me brings life, thine death; for she
Is the first wonder of a virgin world;
Thou art a fragment of past history,—
She may adorn a page as yet unfurl'd,
Of glory and hope, when sin from earth to hell is
hurl'd.

The sons of the millennium may with awe
Behold Niagara still hurrying on,
As now, so ever; but the dead thee saw,
And many a heart, to its account long gone,
On thy retiring beauties gazed, as I in youth have
done.

Farewell, ye flashing waves of Caen, farewell!
Thy pictured charms I look upon with woe;
They wake to life and sorrow with their spell
Much that now is, but never had been so,
Had sin, and shame, and grief not reign'd supreme
below.

The next lines refer to a well-known Welsh story,
of a bard of low degree, who fell in love with the
beautiful daughter of a lord of a neighbouring castle.
She still lives in his verses, which also record that she
did not return his presumptuous passion.

DARK was the willow which swept the billow,
And thick was the cloud which the moon pass'd o'er,
In that bitter hour of nameless power,
When we two parted to meet no more.

Red was the lightning, the black rock brightening,
Which shone on thy face when I took the vow ;
Of my youth the glory, and old age hoary
Hath brought no change to my heart e'en now.

For I am dying, and thou art lying
At peace in thy early and lonely grave ;
Old ocean weepeth where thy corse sleepeth,
And washeth thy tomb with his sad salt wave.

On Arran's mountain there springs a fountain,
And there shall moulder my time-bow'd head ;
For it soothes my trembling, to think resembling
Thy bower of rest shall be mine when dead.

The ceaseless motion that swells the ocean
Unlike that which curls the small rill may seem ;
But the rivulet goeth where the wide sea floweth,
And mingles with ocean's his humble stream.

The thought is holy, that my lot lowly
In heaven shall equal the pride of thine ;
And the poor immortal, when past that portal,
May be rich through the power of love divine.



TO THE RIVER DEE,

AT LLANGOLLEN, NORTH WALES.

BEND on, thou weeping willow,
Dark drooping o'er the stream ;
Bend gently o'er the billow,
Where the sweet moon doth seem
Her fair round face to pillow,
Abash'd at her own beam.
Bend on, and as thou 'rt keeping
Thy dull watch o'er the Dee,
Distil, amid thy weeping,
A tear for mine and me.

Roll on, thou ancient river,
Thy rocky banks beside ;
And while the moonbeams quiver
Like glow-worms on thy tide,
Thy volumes dark deliver
To swell the ocean's pride.
Roll on, but as thou 'rt rushing
To plunge into the sea,
Let, with thy waves, be gushing
A tear for mine and me.

Frown on, thou ruin'd tower,
Whose fastnesses once gave
A refuge to Glendower,
Who scorn'd to be a slave,

And to usurping power
Bow'd only in the grave.
Frown on, and as thou 'rt bending
So darkly o'er the Dee,
I 'll think thy gloom is lending
Defence to mine and me.


Farewell, thou queen of waters,
A long and late farewell ;
Thy waves have look'd on slaughters,
And many a tale could tell
Of woe to freeze earth's daughters
With melancholy spell.
Farewell ! by Chester flowing
I saw thee first, fair Dee,
And thither now thou 'rt going
Away from mine and me.



WRITTEN AT NIGHT, ON THE EVE OF
THE NEW YEAR.

THE moon, "now walking in brightness," shines on one of the loveliest of nature's works. The waters above the Falls resemble a sheet of molten silver, and the lunar rainbow, seen amid the spray from an upper window, with the millions of stars and the murmur of Niagara, soothe and lighten the midnight hours of the new denizen of the West, and call up the memory of those whose image on her heart the torrents of a thousand waterfalls could never wash away. At home, this is the season of general festivity, in partaking of which I have often been led into a thoughtlessness of word and manner, which, on reflection, has cost me many a sigh. Were I exposed to the same temptation now, it might lead to the same result. Let me rejoice, then, rather than repine, at the desolation of to-night, which I have been whiling away by composing the following lines, suggested by the termination of the year :—

A YEAR begun in agony,
And closing in despair,
But whose meridian seem'd to be
Cross'd by no clouds of care,
What doth its recollection seem,
A bitter or a pleasing dream?



A sun, whose rising was in tears,
Though bright its zenith's glow,
But ah ! whose lurid light appears
To herald future woe ;
Doth memory, e'er night's shadows fall,
Joy's or grief's image most recall ?

A moment of departing day
Yet lingers on the hill ;
An hour ere speeds the year away,
Awaits its event still.
Why then thus idly court distress,
'And realise its bitterness ?

A rainbow o'er distraction's flood,
Doth Hope triumphant smile ;
The future may be fraught with good,
Then why should I repine ?
Smile, fair enchantress, on my grief,
And bring my wounded soul relief.

No wise man of to-morrow boasts,
For what a day may bring
Of pain or sorrow, what strange hosts
It hides beneath its wing,
He knows not ; but he calmly sleeps,
While love its vigil o'er him keeps.

Then hush, oh, hush, thou busy pang,
Which rent my soul last eve ;
I hear as if an angel sang
A warning not to grieve ;
And sweetly soothes that heavenly tune
The heart that asks no earthly boon.

The will o'erthrown, the prostrate mind,
Which looks for peace no more,
An endless recompense may find,
When mortal life is o'er,
And wonder, in its dream of rest,
To see how "all was for the best."

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Eight of these psalms and hymns have been sung for some years in the churches of Weedon Bec, Northamptonshire, and of Fifehead Magdalen, Dorsetshire.

TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST PSALM.

HAPPY the man who never hears
The counsel of ungodly men,
Shares not the wicked scorner's sneers,
But to the Lord returns again
Each day, ere twilight's gloom appears,
And reads his holy precepts then.

Blest with eternal peace is he,
As trees that by the river side
Are planted, and abundantly
Bring forth their fruit in summer pride;
So shall his leaf ne'er wither'd be,*
His days in calm contentment glide.

Not so the wicked; like the chaff,
The wind shall chase their hopes away;
The cup of trembling they shall quaff,
And fall in the great judgment-day:
But God shall be the just man's staff,
In that dread hour his hope and stay.

* The beautiful oleander, which flourishes abundantly on the banks of the Jordan, and whose leaf literally "never withers," is no doubt alluded to.—See Stanley's "Syria and Palestine."

16TH PSALM, FOUR LAST VERSES.

THOU, Lord, art my defence,
The strength of my right hand ;
Mighty in thine omnipotence
I evermore shall stand.—Allelujah !

Therefore my heart is blest,
My tongue doth sing with joy ;
My flesh in hope shall surely rest,
For thou shalt death destroy.—Allelujah !

My spirit thou shalt save
To live thy face before ;
There joys supreme succeed the grave,
And life for evermore.—Allelujah !

121ST PSALM.

UNTO the hills I lift mine eyes,
From whence salvation doth arise ;
My help and comfort is the Lord,
Who made all nature by his word,
And doth His grace to me afford.

Unmoved will He my footsteps keep ;
The Lord, my Shepherd, will not sleep ;
No slumber the Almighty knows,
But kindly on my right hand throws
A shade to lull me to repose.

The sun by day shall burn not me,
The moon by night innoxious be,
No ill shall on my soul descend,
For He each movement will defend,
From this day forth till time shall end.

130TH PSALM.

FROM the lowest depths of shame,
Lord, I call upon thy name ;
Bend to me thy gracious ear,
Deign my contrite voice to hear.
Mercy ever dwells with thee,
Mark not mine iniquity ;
For if thou dost not forgive,
Who may in thy presence live ?

Hoping only in his word,
O my soul, await the Lord !
Wait, as those who watch for day
Long to see the morning's ray.
Israel, hope in God for ever,
Cease to trust his mercy never !
He shall pardon, He shall save,
He redeem thee from the grave.

C. H.

131ST PSALM.

MY heart is humble, mighty Lord,
Nor dare I lift mine eyes to Thee;
The marvels of thy saving word
Are all too great, too high for me.
Give me a trusting, contrite heart,
An infant's confidence be mine,
And ever to thy church impart
The grace to bend her will to thine.

C. H.

57TH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH, 15TH VERSE.

THOU that inhabitest eternity!
Who, high and holy as Thou art,
Hast pledged thy never-failing word to be
A dweller in the humble heart;
The spirit of the meek thou wilt revive,
And bid the contrite sinner ever live.

C. H.

MORNING HYMN.

SEE! the Sabbath morn is breaking!
See! the sun doth gild the skies!
So on man from guilt awaking,
Sun of Righteousness, arise!

Rise ! the gloom of night dispelling,
Source whence hope and mercy springs ;
Tidings of salvation telling,
Rise with healing on thy wings.

Light us on to happier hours,
Make us grow in grace each day ;
Quicken all our drooping powers,
Wash our early sins away.
Make us lift our thoughts to heaven,
Thence seek bliss without alloy,
Praise thy name for mercies given,
Sleep to grief and wake to joy.

EVENING HYMN.

LORD, ere evening o'er us closing,
Bids our cares and sorrows cease ;
May our souls, on Thee reposing,
Foretaste find of endless peace.
Open are our hearts before Thee,
Every secret sin laid bare :
By the woes that once came o'er Thee,
Heal the ills abounding there.

Soften, with Thy grace redeeming,
Each hard heart and stubborn will ;
Lull our cares in heavenly dreaming ;
Be our pitying Saviour still.

Keep us, on Thy loving wings,
Strong in faith, from danger free,
Still in life to the world long,
Living still in death to Thee.

HYMN COMPOSED FOR THE ANNUAL CONVENT, 1861,
AT WINDSOR.

O Lord, before Thine altar,
With each trusting soul,
Again our voices raise,
Again we meet Thee here.
We come to Thee in earnest,
Our childish griefs to win,
And from Thy love still learn
For every grief a sign.

Yet not alone in sadness
We cast on Thee our care;
We think, amid our pain,
Thou didst at our feelings share.
Like us, Thou hast at a mother,
Who on her human breast
Thine infant sobe did smother,
And lull'd thy fears to rest.

But though Thine heart was breaking
Beneath its weight of woe,
No sin was Thee o'ertaking,
No guilt Thy soul could know.

For us those griefs came o'er Thee,
For us those pangs were Thine,
Which still may rise before Thee,
Even in Thy rest divine.

Then from Thy throne in heaven,
Our Saviour and our Lord,
That we may be forgiven,
Do Thou Thy grace accord ;
And as to Thee our powers
In early youth we lend,
In death's distracting hours,
Oh ! deign to be our friend.

HYMN.

Do angels triumph in the hour
When from the world's deluding power
One sinner is set free ?
Will they their sweet hosannahs sing,
And heaven with allelujahs ring,
O'er *one* that turns to Thee ?

Before Thy Father's judgment-throne,
Almighty Jesus ! for Thine own
Wilt Thou the lost one claim ?
Wilt Thou, O holy, holy Lord,
In the bright page of life record
The ransom'd sinner's name ?

How great, how wonderful art Thou !
In adoration see us bow,
 Imploring grace divine ;
Thou who for us hast freely died,
Tormented, mock'd, and crucified,
 Oh, make us wholly Thine !

C. H.

A PRAYER.

BEHOLD the contrite heart, O Lord !
 The torn, the broken spirit heal ;
Confiding in thy gracious word,
 The oil of mercy it will feel
 Thence o'er its troubled surface steal.

Forgive the vain, the wandering thought ;
 The stubborn, the rebellious will ;
May I by chastisement be brought
 To seek Thee reverently still,
 For Thou Thy promise wilt fulfil.

I bend before Thy footstool low,
 While my weak eyes are bathed in tears ;
But vainly do they overflow,—
 A fountain could not drown the fears
 Which memory feels for misspent years—

Fears that I ne'er can be forgiven.

But why doth stricken conscience mourn ?
Why with despair should I be riven;
When Bethlehem's star on high doth burn ?
Beacon of hope, to that I turn.

PAST AND PRESENT TIME.

WHAT is the past?—no fleeting dream,
No idle vision ever past away;
Its memory floats down Lethe's stream,
Perhaps to beam
In uncreated light through endless day.
What is the past?—no trifling hour,
If wasted, never worth a thought;
Its shadow o'er the grave doth lower,
Perchance of power
'Gainst us to be in final judgment brought.

What is the present?—'t is the point
'Twixt two eternities of time;
It is a viewless hinge, whose joint
We should anoint
With oil of faith and love, unstain'd by crime.
What is the present?—it is gone,
E'en while we draw this fleeting breath;
May nought of ill that we have done,
But good alone,
Recall it in the bitter hour of death.

TO LAURA,

WHO, WHEN THE WRITER FOUND A PEARL IN AN OYSTER
HOPED SHE WOULD IN LIKE MANNER FIND THE "PEARL
OF GREAT PRICE."

IN the full pride of beauty and of youth
Thou spakest ; granted may thy sweet wish be !
Fair sufferer ! may thy hope for me in sooth
Be my rich portion everlastingly !
And though thou know'st it not, this world to me
Is but the promise of a brighter day ;
And deep hath been my sorrow that to thee
That which had pleased thee so, I did not say.
Deeply I mourn the piety's decay,
Which, had I felt as once, would not have led
My silence on thy humble heart to shed
One shade of grief. Oh ! that all pain and care
From thy young years and day of hope were fled !
Thou who of life's joys hast so small a share,
And yet can'st ever smile, nor yield thee to despair !



Extract from Mrs. de Burgh's Diary.

ABSORBED in contemplating the world of waters before me, I fix my eyes vacantly on the little leaf of a tree opposite. It is small, dark, and insignificant, but it obscures the sun as he walks in radiance and majesty through the translucent skies of the New World, bright as when he shone in the Garden of Eden, or was worshipped in the earliest dwellings of fallen man! The soul of the universe, the light of all nature, is hidden by a little solitary leaf; but the secret is easily unfolded,—it is *near*; and even thus each petty care and valueless object of a transitory life obscures for an hour the spiritual sense of an immortal destiny.

A veil hangs dimly before the Sun of Righteousness; but it may be reverently raised; and oh! fellow-labourers in the vineyard, it is already evening, and we should lend all our efforts to remove it from before our eyes.

